

J. P. ...
1608/447.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE;
A SATIRICAL POEM
WITH NOTES.

PART THE SECOND.

SECOND EDITION REVISED.

[PRICE 1s. 6d.]

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A
SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

Ετ' αβλητος και ανητατος οξεϊ χαλκω,
ΔΙΝΕΤΩ ΚΑΤΑ ΜΕΣΣΟΝ, αργοι δε με Παλλας Αθηνη
Χειρος ελθο', αυταρ βελεων απερυκοι ερωην.

PART THE SECOND.

SECOND EDITION REVISED.

LONDON:

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1797.



Just published,

Price 1s 6d each,

The First and Third Parts of
THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Second Edition Revised.

Printed for J. OWEN, Bookseller, No. 168, Piccadilly.

Either of the Parts may be had separate.

*It is intended, if the Author's avocations will permit, to publish the
FOURTH and Last Part of this Poem in the Course of the
Year 1797.*

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND PART.

MAY, 1796.

TWO years have passed since I published "The First Part of the Pursuits of Literature." I now offer a continuation of it to the attention of those persons who may feel themselves interested in such researches; the subjects of which indeed, *in their event*, are important to us all. What I observed of the first part, I observe of this, and the following parts, "that no imitation is intended of any former writer or of any former poem." That it will attract *some* attention in *some* places, I am confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as to the author. He is and will be, concealed, upon motives very different from the apprehension of any private resentment. I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name*; it is as unjust,

* I recommend to *sagacious* critics the following remark. It is well known to those who are *versed* in literary history, that Julius Scaliger wrote and published an oration (good or bad, is not to the point) against the famous tract entitled *Ciceronianus* by Erasmus. On it's being shewn to him, Erasmus, no mean judge of men, of writing, or of style, after perusing it, immediately fixed on Hieronimus Aleander, (who was afterwards made an Archbishop by Leo X. and a Cardinal by Pope Paul III.) as the author of the work, or of the *greatest part of it*, by signs which he thought were certain and infallible. Yet he was mistaken in *fact*. Hear the words of Erasmus, for on such an occasion, as the present, they are remarkable. "Ex phrasi, ex ore, ex locutione aliis-que compluribus, mihi persuasi hoc opus, maxima saltem ex parte, esse HIERONYMI ALEXANDRI. Nam MIHI genius illius ex domestico convictu adeo cognitus perspectusque est, ut ipse sibi non possit esse notior." *Erasm. Epist. 370. c. 1755, Oper. Ed. Opt. Fol.* My horizontal range among literary men is rather extensive, and yet (strange to tell) I have not discovered one in learning and sagacity superior to Erasmus. But I know many a Divink who had better take la Bruyere's advice, and "As he cannot be an *Erasmus*, may as well think of being a *Bishop*." Let such persons consider well this instance which is on record, and then with oracular presumption, and (as I hear they are scholars) let them declare of the author of the P. of L. in full chorus with the Tragedian,

Τίς, ὄντιν' ἄ θεοπιπτεία
Δελφίς εἶπε Πέτρῳ
Ἀρρήτ' ἀρρήτων τελεσάντα.

just, as it is absurd. "Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur
"urbe," was said of old; I do not say this, but I recom-
mend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and
curiosity to remember, that there is a darkness *which*
may be felt,

As to the subject of SATIRE in general, I will add a
few words, as they are not wholly unimportant, and as
they explain my own ideas. All reprehension of vice,
or of folly, or of any moral depravity, must cease at once,
if it is required of the author of that reprehension, that
he be *blameless* himself in the strict, or indeed in any,
sense of that word. But if the enumeration of evils,
wickedness, folly, extravagance, abuse of knowledge in
theory or in practice, and a censure of such actions and
of such opinions, be considered as the production of a
mind bad, reprehensible, and unquiet in itself, I fear,
that few philosophers are exempted from the charge. In
my opinion, the Philosopher himself is a Satirist, speaking
to the world at large, without a specific reference to any
nation. The Satirist, (in the common acceptation of the
word) is a writer in poetry or in prose, who addresses
himself to a peculiar part of the world, and generally to
his own countrymen, calling them to a view of their faults,
follies, or vices, which are destructive of society, of go-
vernment, of good manners, or of good literature. The
philosophic Satirist effects his purpose by appealing to
man and his nature; the modern poet, supposing and ac-
knowledging the truth of these original principles, argues
virtually from them, but directs his attention to existing
persons, circumstances, opinions, and books, in his own
times. He illustrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal,
assisted by learning, wit, and ridicule; with an honest
endeavour to uphold the common cause of wisdom, of
truth,



truth, and of virtue, without which criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

According to these ideas, the work of a modern Satirist is transitory as to its immediate subject. But as it is a view of life *designed** to be presented to other times, as well as to those in which it is written, the necessity of an author's furnishing *Notes to his own compositions* is evident, to clear up for himself such difficulties as the lapse of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients, which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After these few observations, (which I thought necessary or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation of the Poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of A MAN, not to be named on such an occasion. "I do not look to be asked, wherefore I wrote this book; it being no difficulty to answer, that I did it to those ends, which the best men propose to themselves, when they write."

* I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince Posterity.

GENERAL OBSERVATION

ON EACH OF THE PARTS OF

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

THE characters, either of persons or of books, which are introduced into any of the parts of this Poem, are considered and brought forward by the author upon no private motive whatsoever, direct or indirect; but simply and solely, as the conduct of the persons, or the manner of the compositions, or the principles of the writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the government, the religion, the public morality, the public happiness, and the public security of this Nation.

This Poem claims the freedom of an Excursus, but if the Reader should (at any time) think proper to peruse it once attentively, without a reference to any of the notes, it is imagined, that the order and connection of the subjects would be perceived. The Poem was not written to introduce the notes, but the notes were composed to illustrate the poem. If they are taken together, it may be said with truth,

Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

(THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

PART II.†

AUTHOR.

ALL hail to Cestria, and her mitred lord ! (a)
And may Pierian strains for aye record
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age,
Who wild with rapture, and empiric rage,
On bold aspiring pinion could presume
To journey through the vast æthereal gloom,
Who, tir'd of earth and dreams of gowned rest,
Sunk in the elysium of his *Cynthia's* breast.

B

But

† First printed in 1796.

(a) John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester in the last century, wrote a celebrated "Discourse concerning the possibility of a "passage to the moon." The bishop is, as all bishops should be, very serious on the occasion ; and as an effectual change of

PART II.

air

But ah, *for us* those wizard wonders cease :
 In war, death, pestilence, or dang'rous peace, 10
 Condemn'd to groan in this disorder'd hour,
 Victors and victims of th'unhallow'd pow'r,
 That bids the western world or rouse or weep,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

OCTAVIUS.

What always France ? forbear awhile to rave 15
 O'er those, whose every second thought's the grave. (aa)
 Learning's

air and climate is recommended in so many diseases, I approve most of all of *Doctor Wilkins's* prescription of a flying chariot; and instead of raving or storming, or fretting about the accidents of life, to set off directly—*for the moon*. This method of *translation*, (a happy thought in a bishop,) would at once supersede the necessity of suicide, prisons, or revolutions, when people are out of humour. Besides Dr. Herschell has told us what an agreeable place the moon is. I believe he has descried the surveyors of the lunar turnpike roads, and has actually seen their St. Paul's Church, and some of the Selenites in a solemn procession. This cannot much surprise us, as he has *nearly* discovered what the sun is made of, which *lies a little* further from us. Upon my word, Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes us laugh sometimes.

(aa) I can mention no lines so expressive of the state of France, as the following adapted from Boileau.

“ *Dechirans à l'envi leur propre République,
 Lions contre Lions, parens contre parens,
 Combattent follement POUR LE CHOIX DES TYRANS !*”

Learning's *your* theme : go bend before that tomb,
 Where other palms and other laurels bloom,
 Where Maro sleeps ; or in the Sabine shade,
 Or in severe Aquinum's inmost glade, 20
 Fast by Volterra's (a) dark Etrurian grove,
 With Boileau's (b) art, and Dryden's rapture rove.
 Be wise betimes, and in resistless prose
 Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes.
 Let Wakefield (c) rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
 Lords of misrule in anarchy's wild hall, 26

Such

(a) Juvenal was born at Aquinum, and Persius at Volterra, in Italy.

(b) Boileau.—The most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment. His sagacity was unerring ; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal and Persius united, *without one indecent blemish* ; and for my own part, I have always considered him as *the most finished gentleman* that ever wrote.

(c) Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look at the list of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*,) I feel alternately sorrow and indignation. His learning and sagacity are indeed sufficient to entitle him to *some* patronage, and the removal of every want.

But

Such prophets as ere long Horne Tooke may save,
And hide, and feed *by fifties* (d) in a cave :

Let

Put his spirit is so restless, his temper is so overbearing and tyrannical, (I speak *from the consideration of his works alone*) his contempt for others is so great, and his personal vanity so conspicuous, that even literature begins to be weary of him. But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer, all the insolence and even impudence of the assertors of equality, a want of decent, or even of common, respect to dignified characters, and a mind (naturally designed for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an university) hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong tendency even to * sanguinary persecution. I speak of him as a public man ; I have no contempt of his attainments. But I will never suffer him or any other man obtruding himself and his political principles and measures upon the public, to pass me without notice ; or as the poet strongly expresses it,

Glomerare sub antro

Fumiferam noctem, commixtis igne tenebris,
without the reprehension he deserves.

(d) *By fifties*.—"Obadiah took the prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water." Kings B. i. ch.

* See Gilbert Wakefield's Pamphlet entitled "Remarks on the General Orders given by the Duke of York to his army, July 7, 1794, respecting the decree of the French Convention to give no quarter to the British and Hanoverians, 1794." I only mention this or any of Mr. Wakefield's writings for *their spirit and tendency*, as the compositions are worth little notice. I shall not at present wander through his *Silva Critica*, "Ubi passim palantes Error recto de tramite pellit." If Mr. Wakefield does not write with greater care and ability than he has hitherto shewn, neither *men*, nor *gods*, nor *columns* will permit his works to be extant very long.

Let such call Pitt or Grenville meanly bold, 29
Who calm'd the terror of Burke's claws in gold. (e)

You read perchance a minister in books, (f)
And know an honest statesman by his looks;
Think in debates the spirit may be seen,
In Thurlow, just, in Wedderburne, serene;

C

In

ch. 18. v. 4. In the *provisions* of that most important, and I wish I could say, perpetual act, (passed in 1795) for preventing seditious assemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is specified that none of the prophets or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, shall meet in greater numbers than *by fifty* in a cave, or elsewhere: and considering the inflammatory nature of their disorder, it is devoutly to be wished, that they may be kept upon the same cooling diet.

(e) "Summos auro mansueverat unguēs." Statius—A beautiful periphrasis for giving a pension; but it is a pension nobly merited. I wish however most sincerely, for the dignity of Mr. Burke's character in the present age and to all posterity, that it had not been accepted. Πολλοὺν ἀνὰ πρῆμιν.

(f) I allude to the profound knowledge which busy men acquire of the most secret designs of the British, or even of foreign cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is so pleasant as to hear men assert without the least hesitation what they *know* of the intention of Ministers. I really envy the satisfaction they feel, when they communicate their discoveries to such unenlightened and ignorant men as myself.

PART II.

In Grenville, firmness ; majesty, in Pitt ; 33
 And in Dundas, the courage to submit.
 Proud of your keen discernment you retire,
 Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard (g) and squire,
 You'd print (poor man !) your satire and your song,
 Correct, as Gyffard, or as Cowper, strong. 40

AUTHOR.

Yes : to my country's justice I appeal,
 Nor dread the press, the guillotine, nor wheel,
 Nor fulsome praise, nor coldness of neglect,
 Nor all that poets meet, but scarce expect ;
 And since *the question* I shall never fear, 45
 A rhyming culprit's bold confession hear.

Plays I could frame, like Ireland, (i) by the score ;
 Memory I have, not Middleton (k) has more ;
 Could

(g) The Rolliad, &c.—DR. LAWRENCE has just informed the House of Commons, (who are prodigiously interested about the Doctor) that HE is of *the old School*, and that HE intends to “ bring forward a motion to silence that declamation so commonly used in the House &c. &c. &c.” This is modest indeed, and if he effects his purpose, I hope the universal thanks of *the House*, Dinner-troops, Family-men and all, will be voted to him, *Nem. Con.*—“ Talk of a Coronation ?”—See *The Farce of Peeping Tom*. (Note Dec. 31, 1796.)

(i) The publisher of the newly-found manuscripts in Shakespeare's own hand-writing. The reader will find more on this subject in the course of *this* part of the poem.

(k) The famous witness on Mr. Hastings's trial, the disciple of Themistocles.

Could sing of gardens, yet well-pleas'd to see
 Walpole (l) and Nature may, for once, agree ; 50
 Could give with Darwin to the hectic kind,
 Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind (m) ;
 With Price (n) and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve
 And banish use, for naked Nature's love,

C 2

Lakes,

(l) See that quaint, but most curious and learned, writer's excellent Essay on Modern Gardening at the end of his *Lives of the Painters*.

(m) See Dr. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and a long and pleasant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feasible to *manage the winds*, (and every thing else I believe) at *his* pleasure, *by a little philosophy*. I never read any thing so comfortable in my life, for I dread a cough from the bleak north-east blasts — Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philosopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's *ingenious understanding* is peculiarly adapted to solve the following problem in *natural philosophy*: "WHETHER, the hybernal
 "frigidity of the Antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the
 "homogeneous solidity of the center, might warm the superficial connexion
 "ity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?" I have given a translation of this great and useful problem, (as the French Philosopher *Pantagruel*, is not quite so intelligible in the original, that Dr. Darwin may discuss it at large in the next edition of his *Zoonomia*, which is much to be desired. I refer the reader to the *Crème Philosophique des Questions Encyclopediques* at the end of Rabelais Book 5. The true cream of their modern *Encyclopedia* at least, is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789. &c.

Lakes, forests, rivers, in one landscape drawn, 55
 My park, a county, and a heath, my lawn;
 With Knight, man's civil Progress (o) could relieve,
 And put Hume, Smith, or Tacitus in verse;
 Or,

(*) Price and Knight.—See the various treatises, all curious and in some degree pleasant, on the subject of landscape and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *versus* Mason and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the decision at the bar of taste, but I certainly would not bring the cause in the court at Guildhall. With *the giants* on the jury, and Lord Kenyon for the judge, there certainly would be a verdict for the Brogdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price.

(o) See and read (if possible) what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic Poem, "The PROGRESS of Civil Society in six books, 4to." I protest I speak impartially, when I assert that Mr. Knight seems to have no other ideas of poetry, than that of lines and syllables put into a measure, with, now and then, some little attention to grammar. I mean when he *writes verses himself*. For if he conceives, that the versification of Montesquien's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and such works, is poetry, there is no help for him, he must be suffered to rhyme on. "*Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres.*" It is impossible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a specimen of such observations as I should make, if I were to go through the whole of this tedious piece of work. Mr. K. is very fond of beginning all his books with *doubt*, like a true philosopher; he always uses the words "*Whether this, or whether that—or whether the other*"—is the case, never deciding the point,

Or, while Silenus and his votaries nod, 59
 Quaff Paphian grossness from my crystal (p) God:

Or

point, nor giving even a *doubtful* solution of *doubtful* doubts, as Mr. Hume kindly used to do. But *whether* Mr. K. understands himself, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers understand him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus. B. I. v. 1. (I take the verses at the very beginning, to shew my impartiality.)

" *Whether* primordial motion sprang to life
 From the wild war of elemental strife,
 In central chains the mass inert confin'd,
 And sublimated matter into mind;
 Or *whether* one great, all pervading soul, &c.
 Or —

Whether, in Fate's eternal fetters bound

Mechanic Nature goes her endless round, &c. &c.

In all this mist and darkness which he flings around him, he certainly is little better than Punch in the puppet shew, "Ha-
 -zy weather, master Noah:" for I am certain that neither Punch, nor Mr. Knight can look through this preparation of the poetical sky for the metaphysical deluge which ensues, when he is to

" Trace out the slender social links, that bind

" In order's chain, the chaos of mankind, &c. &c."

Ole jam satis—But then I am told there are so many pretty and intelligible passages (I grant it, *Horum simplicitas miserabilis!*) in this and *t'other* poem (I must mean the Landscape;) and the ladies say it is so charming to wish to be buried *under an oak*, and so romantic. see p. 153—I wish from my soul, that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the spirit of Mr. Knight confined in the stem of it. He might cry out as lustily as Polydorus,

Or I could *scribble* (*q*) for historic fame,
 Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull and tame ; (*qq*)
 Then

lydorus, and all the conjurers of the *Dilettanti* might assist at the disincantment if they pleased.—N.B. I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight for the honour he has been pleased to confer on my note in the first part of this poem on the Pursuits of Literature; see p. 17. &c. of his Preface to his “ Progress of Civil Society.”—If Mr. Knight’s *bed* be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himself.† I did not name him, as the author of the Essay “ ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, but he has now named himself. I am glad however that he has some sense of shame left, by endeavouring to *explain away* one of the most unbecoming and indecent treatises which ever disgraced the pen of a man, who would be thought a scholar and a philosopher; and I persevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to *copy* even my former note.‡ Mr. K. had better have kept to his *Principia*, A,B,Γ,Δ, κτλ. (See his Greek alphabet.) I hope he will do better in future; and spare me more trouble. I am as tired of him as he can be of me. As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I must fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical Committee, and any more “ *reports* PROGRESS, and asks leave to sit again,” the motion will be *negatived* by the whole house. (1796.)

(*Λ*) “ Vitreo bibit ille *Priapo*.” Juv. Sat. 2. v. 95. See Mr. Knight’s Essay on the Worship of Priapus, and my note on it in the first part of this Poem.

† I quote JUNIUS in English, as I would Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I consider him as a legitimate English classic.

‡ See the First Part of the P. of L. FIVE GUINEAS is the price of *The Essay on Priapus*, if a copy is at any time to be sold.

Then tir'd with truth, like Coxe, to fables stray,
 And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay; (r)
 I could, like Seward, if for scraps you call, 65
 Turn public bag-man, (s) train'd in Walpole's stall;

1177

Or

(r) Soon after Mr. Gibbon had published the second and third volumes of his Roman History, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compliment said; "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon, I see you are always at it, the old way, scribble, scribble, scribble."—There are various judges of historical writing, from Quintilian to the late Duke of Cumberland.—Dr. GILLIES wrote the History of Greece, &c. in a manner quite different from Mr. Gibbon, But, according to Pliny's good-humoured observation; *Historia quoquo modo scripta delectatur.*

(qq) The epithets in the verse are designed to characterize the writings of Dr. Gillies. There is some learning, great diligence, attention and application, but no marks of genius or strength, in his compositions. *Sed tamen in pretio.*—And I wish them to be so, as the Doctor is, a man of good intentions, and of respectable character.

(r) Fables by John Gay, illustrated with notes by WILLIAM COXE, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Rector of Bemerton, Prebendary of Sarum, Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Economical Society of St. Petersburg, and of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, Chaplain to H. G. The Duke of Marlborough; &c. &c. &c. (1796.) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be sure Addison did gravely comment on Chevy Chase. I am not inclined to make any other comparison.

(s) See (for they are very entertaining but very dear) Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished persons, &c. in four volumes. I prefer Mr. Seward to every compiler of anecdotes, except the Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford.

A

Or to Cythæron, from the Treasury, move,
 And, like Sir James Bland Burgess, (*t*) murmur love;
 Could furnish feasts for each Parnassian prig,
 A *Florence* goose, three ducklings, and one (*v*) pig; 70

With

A *visiting library* is very convenient and pleasant to one's friends.

(*t*) I allude to Sir James Bland Burgess's Poem, entitled, "The Birth and Triumph of Love," accompanied by the prettiest little designs of the *Amoretti alati* by one of the fairest, most ingenious, and most illustrious hands † in the kingdom. Sir James, late Under Secretary of State, is very properly, (as all Under Secretaries of State, or Chief Secretaries in the Treasury, should be,) attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the smallest Cupid *without a muzzle*. Sir James says, "That boy and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure." St. 1. Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of "that boy and that boy's deeds," it is a little prudish in Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgess is right after all; there certainly should be none but the *most virtuous* persons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treasury, though now and then a straggler of another description will be found, notwithstanding the unremitted diligence and undiverted attention of George Rose, Esq.

(*v*) *A Florence goose*. &c.—See a publication, entitled, "An Ode to an Eton Boy, *Three Sonnets*, and *One Epigram*:" by William Parsons, Esq. This gentleman is the fairest of all Mr. Gray's Critics: he even allows the superiority of his genius, and gives *his own verses* in Mr. Gray's measure. The *obliquity* of the understanding is sometimes unaccountable.—Mr. Parsons is one of the *Rhyming Quaternions* on the banks of the Arno, who some years ago made up among them a pretty little volume entitled

"The
 † H. R. H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

With Spartan Pye (x) lull England to repose,
 Or frighten children with Lenora's (y) woes :
 I could—

D

OCTA-

“ The *Florence Miscellany*.” The names of this rhyming Quaternion were Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry and Mr. Parsons. Hence the propriety of the term “ *Florence geese*” printed in the Italian type.

(x) *Spartan Pye*.—Mr. Pye, the present poet Laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among the *Militia* in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or *verse-shot*, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep!!!* Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said, with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed that “ *Sleep is the brother of Death.*” (1796.)

(y) A tale from the German, translated by the Laureat, H. I. Pye Esq. by J. T. Stanly, Esq. M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c. a sort of *Blue-Beard* story for the nursery. I am ashamed to think, that the public curiosity (I will not say, taste) should have been occupied with such *Diablerie Tudesque*.

Part II.

OCTAVIUS.

Do what ?—where will your vaunting reach ?
Are these your parting notes, your *dying* speech ?

AUTHOR.

Spare, spare : till time subdues a poet's rage 75
With blast autumnal, or the damp of age,
Why should I faint, when all with patience hear,
And Laureat Pye *sings* more than twice a year ?

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think ;
For once I hop'd to see the title sink, 80
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone :
Aye, while Britannia cries from shore to shore,
Augustus reigns ; MÆCENAS IS NO MORE. 84

PITT views alike, from Holwood's sullen brow,
 (As near-observing (z) friendship dares avow)
 The fount of Pindus or Bæotia's bog,
 With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog. (a)

D 2

OCTA-

(z) I must own, that unless the Province of encouraging Letters, which should belong to the great, is administered with wisdom and discretion, it is more desirable that there were no encouragement at all. In confirmation however, of my opinion of the minister, I refer the reader to a pamphlet, published in 1795, entitled, "Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Administration, by a Near Observer." It is written by a man of fortune, independent spirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been ascribed to M. Montagu, Esq. M. P. and it is I believe acknowledged by him. He boldly tells the Minister of his fault, namely, an improvident and *systematic contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents*. "They had no poet, and they died." What then? says Mr. Pitt; history will speak. But &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.—History indeed may say of Mr. Pitt in the words of Tacitus, H. 4. S. 5. "INGENIUM ILLUSTRÉ altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, sed quo firmior adversus fortuita, REPUBLICAM CAPESSERET."—I might proceed and describe him as "*Opum † contemptor, recti pervicax, constans adversus metus*;" but I cannot pursue him through the integral character of Helvidius Priscus, because I conceive POWER and not FAME to be the principle of this mighty minister of Great Britain. See more in a following note.

† Though Mr. P. *despises money*, yet I wish he would give *more attention to economy*, private as well as public, than he has done. He is deserving of much censure in this respect: he seems to have forgotten what Mr. Burke once told a Predecessor of his, in the H. of C. (Lord North) "*Magnum est VESTIGIAL Parsimonia*."

OCTAVIUS.

Mere spleen to Pitt; (b) he's liberal, but by stealth.

AUTHOR.

(a) In the time of Augustus, during the administration of Mæcenas, that Minister's seal, bearing the figure of a FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills*. I mention this anecdote as curious, and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in the 37th book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. 1. "*Mæcenatis RANA, ob collationem pecuniarum, in magno terrore erat.*" I also refer the reader to the Duke of Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved privately, and the elegant Latin descriptions of them by the Rev. Dr. Cole, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge.—Nothing is so like as one Minister to another in this respect; but it is difficult to refrain from remarking, that *Frogs* were one of the plagues of Egypt.

(b) Octavius is wrong: I am neither a personal nor a political enemy to Mr. PITT. I think him a powerful and efficient Minister eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office. He has talents to conduct, to persuade, and to command. He is a scholar; I know him to be such, and a ripe and good one. The low passion of avarice has no root in his mind; but the sin, by "which the angels fell," rages in him without measure and without control. To tell a minister, that pride was not made for *him* or for any man, because he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a gross ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no servility in him. Firm, constant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the House of Commons, not to bow, but to do the business of the state,

AUTHOR.

Yes, and he spares a nation's inborn wealth, 90

Another

state, and he does it. There is not a subject presented to him, even casually, in which his ability is not conspicuous. He treats it as if it had been the subject of his continued meditation. *In the conduct of the French war*, he, his colleagues, and his allies have been *all found wanting*; but in the principle just, if not steady.—I will add, that in respect to *personal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumstances of the times beyond human control, and by events not in the wildest range of expectation, he was placed, almost without his seeking it, in the highest public station. He passed at once to the innermost of the temple, without treading the vestibule. In the bloom and vigour of his faculties, (for he bore the blossom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the most, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, accepted, confirmed, continued, and established, by his King and by his Country. His faults, his follies, and his blemishes, (for he has all) *might be easily removed*, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many have done, the highest ability in himself; and he found what is denied to most, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office. My hope and earnest prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the result of this just and tremendous war with the Republic of France, may be finally to establish “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.”—Is this the language of an enemy? I respect, nay, I would defend Mr Pitt: I wish him a long continuance in office; but—PERSONALLY I never can love him. (1796.)

Another Adam (c) in œconomy,
 For all, but Burke, (d) escape his searching eye.
 Stiff from old Turgot, (e) and his rigid school,
 He never deviates from his wholesome rule ;

“ Left

(c) Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

(d) This is not mentioned as a censure on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his pension merited by Mr. Burke.—On this subject, I may say, that in “ *Mr. Burke’s Letter on the Duke of Bedford’s attack on Him in the House of Lords*,” I perceive genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and sights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and sometimes the philosophy of Plato and the wit of Lucian. But what I esteem most of all, I hear again the *warning voice* of ONE who saw the *apocalypse*, and FIRST cried aloud in England, and to all the inhabitants of Europe. I cannot describe the whole composition better than in the words of *that Poet*, who would have been proud to record the workmanship of EDMUND BURKE. *Bronzes, Steropes, and Pyracmon*, it will be allowed, have all had their share in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen*.

“ Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
 Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri ;
 Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
 Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.” (1796.)

(e) Mr. Turgot, ci-devant Controller General of French Finance: the founder of the modern *Oeconomic School*.—Modern State Oeconomy seems to consist in spending or squandering the greatest possible sums in the least possible time.

“ Left to themselves, all find their level price, 95.

“ Potatoes, verses, turnips, Greek, and rice.”

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times indeed to banter on finance ;
Pray, if you call him frugal, think of France.

AUTHOR.

Well, I'll be brief ; with France he *must* contend ;
There I will own, and feel myself his friend, 100
And sing with Burke's, or Maro's, borrow'd fire,
“ Arms and the man,” till anarchy (*f*) expire.

Sedition's

(*f*) “ Till anarchy expire.”—In the just, but most fatal and most tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds in every vein and artery, the first object we look for is, *a stability of peace*. But no stability can as yet be found in all the convulsive labours of the sanguinary nation. That modern Gallic *Julia* has done nothing but conceive, one mis-shapen lump after another, in the *feculency* of her political womb, conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion : and what can we say,

Cum tot abortivis fecundam Julia vulvam

Solveret, et patruo similes effunderet offas.

We must, I fear, yet wait a season ; (May 1796.†) and whatever

we

† We must say the same now, Dec. 31; 1796.

Sedition's crew is bound ; the gloomy band
 In chains of penal silence musing stand,
 Or doom'd in classic(*g*) impotence to rave 105
 Their ceaseless round, within the smouldring cave,
 The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they strove
 To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
 In Hatsell's(*h*) clerkly tone, clear, loud, and shrill, 110
 And Jekyll's(*i*) comment too.

AUTHOR.

we have paid, or must still pay, must be considered as the
 ἀντιλutron, the great price of delivery and redemption from
 slavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the disruption of so-
 cial order; when the earth is bursting asunder, and hell yawn-
 ing from beneath; or in language, which Edmund Burke alone
 could reproduce in English,

Αναρρηγνυμενης εκ βαθρων γης, αυτη τε γυμνυμενη Ταρταρυ.
 And what wonder? It is Longinus who speaks of Homer.

(*g*) Since the passing of the Bills (in 1795) against treason,
 seditious meetings, assemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. *John*
Thelwall read during the Lent season, 1796, what he termed
Classical Lectures, and most kindly and affectionately pointed
 out the defects of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome,

Old

A U T H O R.

Pray, heav'n, forbear:

Come then, I'll breathe at large æthereal air,
Far from the bar, the senate, and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,
(Whom late from Hampstead journeying (*k*) to his
Aurora oft for Cephalus (*l*) mistook, 116 [book,
What time he brush'd her dew's with hasty pace,
To meet (*m*) the Printer's dev'let face to face :)

E

With

Old France, &c. &c. and the causes of rebellion, insurrection, regeneration of governments, terrorism, massacres, or revolutionary murders ; without the least hint or application to England and its constitution. Shewing how the Gracchi were great men, and so, by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdale's, &c.—I must own, I fear nothing from such Lectures.

(*h*) John Hatsell, Esq. the very learned, polite, and respectable Clerk of the House of Commons.

(*i*) There is too much of pertness and self-sufficiency in Mr. *Joseph Jekyll's* remarks ; and I do not apprehend that his witticisms will ever shake a minister like the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

(*k*) He used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Steevens and of wisdom, at Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of *Shakspeare*, 1793, in 15 vol. 8vo. at his friend *Reed's* chambers. I heard of nothing else at the time.

PART II.

With dogs (*n*) black-letter'd for the Stratford Hunt,
 Thick-flued and coated 'gainst the public brunt ; 120
 For well I mark'd them all (*o*) with curious heed.

OCTA-

(*l*) " Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.

Sappho to Phaon.

I will own, I was always apprehensive of a rape so very soon in the morning, on Primrose hill, " earth's freshest softest lap," but notwithstanding these early freaks, *the youth* is still safe, as I hear.

(*m*) " To meet—the Sun upon the upland lawn."

Gray's Elegy.

(*n*) See the first part of the Pursuits of Literature.

(*o*) I termed the Commentators on Shakspeare out of mere pleasantry, "*black-letter dogs*." But if among these scholars, or in *any* other description of the learned, there should be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accomplishment, or the fulsome semblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a strong devotion to literature without remission and almost without example; with acuteness of mind and extensive classical erudition, who, I say, should so far forget himself as to practise arts which would disgrace the meanest retainer to learning:—If SUCH A MAN should be found, with fair professions, and obliging attentions, simular of friendship, but at the bottom, false, hollow, designing, and malicious; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky discovery, *even of a professional artist*, should strive to depress the efforts of struggling laborious merit, or to blast the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries; who should inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be studious of frequenting the company

OCTAVIUS.

Not all; you pass'd the grave laborious (*h*) REED,
 Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
 Layman or priest, the sinner or the saint;
 Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive, 125
 Though not *Mie* (*hh*) *Masterre* (*q*) Ireland, by your leave.

E 2

He

company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence may feel the blast of the enchanter, and know not whence it comes. *If*, I say, *SUCH A MAN* should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion. I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose*; and all I shall say further is, may He, *if SUCH A MAN* exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition, and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life, not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal error, and a wretched abuse of time, learning, talents, and accomplishments.—This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the shadow of a name*. It shall ever remain *unappropriated* by me.

(*h*) Isaac Reed, Esq. editor of Dodsley's old plays, lately republished; a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly respected.

(*hh*) Alluding to the uniform and constant *reduplication* of the *old* spelling of every word in Mr. Ireland's *new* Volume by Shakspeare. *Masterre* for master, *bye* for by, *brotherre* for brother, &c. &c.

He laughs to see our new Salmoneus stand,
 (His mimic thunder rattling o'er the Strand,)
 On fiery coursers from Olympia's plain,
 Tossing the torch, in sov'reign splendor vain, 130
 Command the world's prostration from afar,
 "SHAKSPEARE and JOVE" grav'd on the burning car
 In letter'd radiance !

A U T H O R.

Hold: now is it well,
 In strains like these of *manuscripts* to tell?
 Of notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similes, 135
 And all that lawyers feign for proper fees?
 Monks and attorneys may engage Malone;
 Annus, (r) or Ireland, (s) 'tis to me all one.

Give

(q) The possessor and editor of the MSS. asserted to be Shakspeare's; from whose *officina* in Norfolk street, issued the tragedy of Vortigern, claiming to be the composition of Shakspeare, acted in March, 1796, at Drury Lane Theatre, and received in *such a flattering manner*†.

Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, et ingens
 Sarpedon !

(r) Annus was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions. See his *Seventeen Books of Antiquities*. It may be proper to observe, that mere vanity was his motive; he never solicited *any subscription for his* ancients.

† i. e. d-mn'd by Box, Pitt, and Gallery

Give me the soul that breathes in Shakspeare's page,
 Strength from within, the unresisted rage, 140
 The thought, that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
 And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
 The pen, he dipt in mind; (ss)—I'll hush to rest
 The little tumults of a critic's breast.
 Then o'er the poet's art, and sounds divine, 145
 Boaden (t) may bray in vain, and Waldron whine;
 So Ireland deems, and all for Shakspeare's love,
 In placid plausibility *will prove*.

What though no Vatican unbars the door,
 No Palatine to Ireland yields its store, 150
 Treasures he has, and many a prouder tome,
 Than kings to Granta gave, or Bodley's dome.
 Pages, on which the eye of Shakspeare (v) por'd,
 The notes he made, the readings he restor'd,

The

(t) See (for you may) all the farrago of which Mr. Ireland possesses the *originals*, numerous beyond any belief; I will not attempt to describe them.

(ss) Της Φυσικῆς γραμματεὺς ἦν, τὸν καλαμὸν ἀποδρεχὼν εἰς Νεῦ. Suidas de Vet. Auct.

(v) One Boaden and one Waldron wrote two pamphlets on this business; but I have other affairs to do, than to give any account of them.

The very gibes he scribbled, and the joke 155

That from the laughing bard on margins broke.

But where's the dark array, the vesture plain,

With many a mould'ring venerable stain?

All fled: a wonder opens to our view;

The shield is scower'd, and the books are new: (x) 160

"In her own hues great Nature best is seen,"

So Ireland spoke; and made the black—*One Green.*

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove!

Where, led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove

In solitude and sacred silence blest; 165

And in the musings of his mighty breast,

All as he scann'd the volume of the past,

O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;

Mourn

(v) Mr. Ireland asserts that he has *the very library of Shakspeare*, with his signature, his notes and remarks &c. in the margin of the books, all in *his own hand-writing*.

(x) Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preserve the books of *Shakspeare's Library* in their original and curious old black binding, (as could have been wished;) but, like the nurse employed by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has scowered them well, and made them *all new*; and with singular felicity has *re-bound them ALL in GREEN morocco!!!*—N. B. I have written this whole passage in the Poem and the Notes, to *perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary history, which seems to be passing into oblivion.—I cannot think that any subject relating to Shakspeare should be wholly disregarded. (1796).

Mourn not, pleas'd Nature cried, their sounds unknown,
My universal language is your own. 170

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear,
Without one note, or horn-book in my head,
Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.
When flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence, 175
Alone give right to science, taste, and sense,
When modest worth by idle boasting's shewn,
Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone. (y)

In

(y) See Mr. Malone's Enquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. &c. which he calls, (not improperly) a Vindication of Shakspeare. The subject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critic, but there is much sagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is satisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone is too confident and presumptuous, and not always attentive to that character and politeness, which at least all *amateur* critics should maintain. I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly say, of these manuscripts and *original* plays of Shakspeare,

Nunc non è manibus illis,

Nunc non è tumulto, fortunatâque favillâ,

Nascentur violæ?

No, Mr. Ireland, neither *violets* nor GUINEAS.—“Go to bed, Basil; good night, go to bed.” (See the Spanish Barber.)†

† I have just read two Pamphlets on this subject, the first by Mr. Ireland's son, and the second by Mr. Ireland himself. The shameless effrontery of THE BOY in avowing himself the author of these manuscripts, is only equalled by the tender solicitude of THE FATHER for *their* credit and authenticity. Mr. Ireland senior originally rested the whole with his son, who; he constantly affirmed, gave the collection to him, plays, receipts, drawings, deeds, “white, black or
“grey,

In the wild squabbles of a wordy war,
 Let rabid (2) Porson tell, or griesly Parr, (a) 180
 Coombe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
 The breeding of mere critics is the same:
 From royal Phalaris (aa) let your views extend
 To Bristol's wizard stripling, and his end.

Hear

(2) See Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis, conspicuous for their erudition, acuteness, accuracy, virulence, bitterness, and invective.

(a) See Dr. Parr's Controversy with Dr. Coombe, critic and man-midwife, about Horace. It seems Dr. Parr was angry that he did not assist the little critical man-midwife *at the labour*, "*rite maturos aperire partus.*" Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæsarian operation in criticism. See more in a future note to the *Third Part* of this Poem.

"grey, and all the trumpery," but declined naming the person from whom he received them. Mr. Ireland senior *now* presents us with the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Parr, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Laureat Pye, Mr. Boswell, &c. who signed a paper (very wisely to be sure) that *they were convinced* of the authenticity of the papers. What can that prove?—The boy's tale is simple; he absolutely asserts that he forged the whole collection, and gave the papers to his Father, to please at once, and to deceive him and the world. A very dutiful and very modest lad! Do we believe the boy? If we do, the business is at an end. The Father again and again asserts that he is ignorant of the person or the place from whence they came, and refers to his son's information. *Now* he disbelieves his son, and defends the authenticity of the papers. *Utrum Horum?* In short *between them both*, Father and Son, there appears to me, what the Greeks call a *Στοργή*, a sort of natural parental affection for these manuscripts, which is very strange, and which I cannot explain, but which quite satisfies me as to the nature of their originality. Mr. Malone's learning and politeness have not much to do with the business *as a matter of fact*, and the whole question now turns upon this momentous point: "whether Mr. Ireland or Mr. Malone is THE GREATEST SCHOLAR?—This is what the logicians call the *Reductio ad Absurdum*; and there the question may sleep, and Shakspeare too. Such titles as these are soon shaken from his monument;

Ad quæ

Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus. (Jan. 5, 1797.)

Hear Catcott (*b*) cry, in chearless life's decline,
 Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine. 186
 He saw *his* Bard by Milles's pond'rous length (*bb*)
 O'erlaid, revive in splendor, fame, and strength,
 For BRYANT (*c*) came; the Muses all return,
 And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn. 190

F

The

(*b*) When I first published the first part of this poem (in 1794) I had casually glanced on the subject of Rowley. See P. of L. part 1. but since that time having had some leisure and more curiosity, I have perused many of the learned treatises upon it. I neither have, nor will have, any thing to do with the decision of such a controversy as this, which is, even now, scarcely at rest; but having the feelings of a gentleman, I was struck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott of Bristol, the sneers upon the *pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections on a plain, curious, honest, and inoffensive man, without whose zeal and solicitude, (as it seems by the accounts) these singular poems never would have appeared. He seemed to say, with justice,

Oro, miserere laborum

Tantum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.

(*bb*) The edition of Rowley's Poems by the Rev. Dr. Milles.

(*c*) No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. BRYANT, without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition, without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations. He has a youthful fancy, and a playful wit; with the mind, and occasionally with the pen, of a poet; and with an ease and simplicity of style, aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think, attaining

The Boy whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
 First meanly flatter'd, (cc) then as meanly scorn'd,
 Drooping he (dd) rais'd, and lent his little aid,
 The gleanings of a hard and humble trade.
 Innocuous man! yet what may truth avail! 195
 Blameless his life, and simple as his tale;

Each

It. He has contended in various fields of controversy with various success; but always with a zeal for truth, and a soberness of enquiry. In speaking of Mr. Bryant, I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live) with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness, and a willingness of literary communication seldom found: admired and sought after by the young, who are entering on a course of study; and revered, and often followed, by those, who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the strength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by God; he has put on the *την ανωθεν πανοπλιαν*, the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind, and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS. EVO!

(cc) Alluding to the Letters written by the Hon. Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) to Thomas Chatterton, printed in some magazines or newspapers. I remember to have seen them, but I cannot point out at present, the time or date of them: I think they were written from Strawberry Hill, but I am not sure.

(dd) i. e. Mr. Catcott.

Each rude enquirer's sneering taunt he feels,
Contempt or insult dogs him at his heels;

No kind support subscribing fondness pours,
For him no wealth descends in fust'ring show'rs; 200
Yet be this truth to future times reveal'd,

"The wound a Varro gave, IAPIS heal'd." (a)

Go now, for moths, and rolls, and parchments search,
Ransack the chest, the closet, or the church,
Brave all the joint associates of A. S. 205

The jest insipid, and the idle guess,
Bind, copy, comment, manuscript and print,
Take from good-natur'd friends some useful hint,
From Bewick's (d) magic wood throw borrow'd rays
O'er many a page, in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze; 210

F 2

Alas,

(a) See Bishop Atterbury's comment on the *Dilectus Iapis* of Virgil.—I shall add, ΙΑΤΡΙΚΟΤΑΤΟΣ, φιλοδωρος και αδαηροδοκητος, φιλοπτωχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, δσιος, δικαιος, ευσεβης, ΕΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ ελληνικως.

(d) Mr. Bewick, the great restorer of the long lost art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldsmith's poems. Mr. Bulmer is the printer of Boydell's magnificent

edition

Alas, for thee ! nor profit hope, nor fame,
Contempt your lot, and solitary shame.

Go rather, and indulge **DRAMATIC** rage;
All love a public or a private stage :

Our nobles now, as players, will be seen, 215
A duke's chaste daughter, or a Margravine :

Fled is the soft reserve, and nicer sense,
Those primal guards of love and innocence,
Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte, clad;

AUTHOR

Why not *all* bare ? less shame's in being mad. (e) 220

OCTAVIUS.

Hold :—and o'er female failings lightly pass,

And may Aglaia (f) lead them to their glass,

Connubial

edition of Shakspeare; a work, which, having been uniformly conducted on liberal principles, and intended for the honour of the country, should be patronised by the English nation.

Connubial glories rising o'er their head,
 As life's domestic happier stage they tread, 224
 There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find
 The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

A U T H O R.

I listen with delight: that strain again;
 I'll bless the sex.

O C T A V I U S.

Now pass to titled men.

Mark, where Thalia calls, in graceful air,
 The soft patrician of St. James's square: (g) 230
 Mount-

(e) The *dress* of the present period has warranted the caricatures of the day, particularly one, which is called "The dress of ladies as it will be." I write in A. D. *Seventeen Hundred and Ninety Six*. Juvenal, who wrote about the year *Ninety Six*, said on a similar subject, "*Nudus agas; minus est insania turpis.*" Sat. 2. But strange to say, he was speaking of the *dress of the men*.

(f) Aglaia is the name of one of the graces; she dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:

Let not each beauty EVERY WHERE be spied,
 Where half the skill is *decently to hide*.
 The ladies should remember that imagination is a busy power.

Mountmorres comes, but strange to tell, (*h*) *unspurr'd*,
And lyric Carlisle purrs (*i*) o'er love transferr'd.

Nay

(*g*) His Grace the Duke of Leeds, a great patron of the drama and its concerns.

(*h*) It is impossible to decide whether Lord Mountmorres is more famous in the city of London for his pamphlets or *his spurs*. I believe the noble Lord thinks the muses or the booksellers extremely dull, as he is *never seen* in the morning *without his spurs*. Lord Mountmorres has a *pretty taste* for a theatre, and sometimes pens a *dramatic thing* or two.

(*i*) *Purrs*.—Dr. Johnson says, “to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat or leopard in *pleasure*.” I have heard that Lord Carlisle (*Quel d’amor travagliato* † *Sacripante*) is writing an opera entitled “*Angelica e Medoro*.” Angelica is supposed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the stage.—*SUVEROISI* (1795).—The Opera, as it is conjectured, is to be dedicated to THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Lady Jersey, in memory and in imitation of the gallant and accomplished Medoro, as recorded by Ariosto:

“Della Comodità che quì m’è data,
Io povero Medor &c.

Ariosto adds, of the noble Earl, or Count,

“Era scritto in Arabico, che il CONTE
Intendea così ben come Latino.”

O. F. Cant. 23. S. 108.

† If my *romantic* memory does not deceive me, *Sacripante* was *jilted* by *Angelica*. See Ariosto. But subjects of the highest importance are pressing on me so fast, that I am obliged to dismiss Lord Carlisle, Lady Jersey, &c. &c. and all the *youths* who are dying for places or for love, in the words of the poet,

Nè sono a Ferrara, nè a Sacripante,

(O sia CARLIGLIO) per donar più rima,

Da lor mi leva il Principe d’Anglante, &c.

O. F. Cant. 12. s. 66.

Nay Thurlow once, ('tis said) could sing or swear,

Like *Polypheme*, "I cannot, cannot bear;" (k)

For ah! presumptuous *Acis* (kk) wrests the prize,

And ravishes (l) *the nymph* before his eyes: 236

Such

(k) "Torture, fury, rage, despair,

"I cannot, cannot, bear."

Air (by *Polypheme*) in the *Serenata* of *Acis* and *Galatea*.

(kk) *Presumptuous Acis*. (Mr. Pitt.)—I allude to a circumstance not generally known; but which, as I have never seen any public notice of it, these lines are meant to record. About two years ago the *Serenata* of *ACIS* AND *GALATEA* (with some violation, I believe, of the fable, and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed in *Downing Street* to a private company. The part of *Acis* by MR. PITT, *Polypheme*, by LORD THURLOW, and *Galatea*, by LORD LOUGHBOROUGH. *Mexxi Soprani*, by LORD KENYON and PEPPER ARDEN, with a sort of *Messa Bassa*† by EDMUND BURKE; the other vocal parts by a select Committee of both Houses à *due cori*. I was not present at the entertainment myself, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution of the difficult passages, did not sufficiently attend to his *appoggiaturas*, (which indeed he seldom does;) that the *baritone* of Lord Thurlow was quite *Polypheme-ish*, and fully sustained; but that it was impossible to do justice to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when—he died away in the arms of *Acis*.

N. B. Bishop Hurd would say this note is allegoric, or *eleusinian*; the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as stoutly deny

† All the *Catholics* know (and we have enough of them to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham know to their own and their company's cost) that the *Messa Bassa* is a silent mass, whispered by the priest during a musical performance.

Such feats his honour little Pepper (*m*) saw,

In all the pride of music and of law.

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleasingly, combine,

What credit will attend the motley line? 240

Where is your trust?

OCTAVIUS.

To this discerning land
I trust and laugh; there are who understand.

If from state-farces, when the House is up,
Some seek the green room, and with Kémbles sup,

(For deny it. (Written in 1796.)—For my own part I think there is much eloquent music in these metaphors, which record the political conversion of LORD LOUGHBOROUGH to Mr. Pitt's party.—*Ah! le Grand Opera!!!*

(1) *The Nymph*, i. e. Galatea, i. e. Lord Loughborough. This was more than a Sabine feat in my opinion. *Who's afraid?* not Mr. Pitt.

(*m*) *Little Pepper*. i. e. Sir Richard Pepper Arden, Kt. Master of the Rolls. His legal abilities have certainly been under-rated, but I have done ample justice to his musical powers.

(For who 'gainst *modest* merit shuts the door?) 245

Leeds says, 'so gentle Lælius did before ;

Lælius, in whom each graceful act could please,

In wisdom mild, and dignified in ease,

With Terence oft the public cares would shun.

AUTHOR.

Terence and Kemble !—the dispute is done. 250

I ever mark'd, (deem not the thought severe)

What bounds divide the actor from the peer :

Confound 'em, I'll believe a saint's a rogue ;

Andrews writes farce, a Duke the epilogue ;

Burke may the right of property invade ; 255

Steevens contract the Commentators trade ;

To Erskine, Kenyon seem a classic wit ;

Or Payne apologize for holy writ ;

THE DRAMATIST (†) himself and fame belie,

And quit the stage for truth and honesty ; 260

G Ireland

(†) See a Poem entitled, " The Political Dramatist of the
" House of Commons in 1795 : a Satire, 2d. Ed. with a Post-
" script containing Remarks on the Declaration of the Whig
" Club on the 23d of January 1796." Printed for J. Parsons, in
Paternoster Row. This poem is recommended to the public on
PART II. those

Ireland prove Shakespeare ; Bentley be Malone ;
 Thelwall dread preaching, or high-treason, Stone ;
 Who hates not Merry, Jerningham may love ;
 And Gyffard Della Crusca's self approve.

OCTAVIUS.

Merry and Crusca !—Gyffard's right : beware ;
 The very ground is his, and Bavian air. 266

AUTHOR.

No : I'll not seek the tracts his arrows fire
 With light that marks, bnt marks not to expire :
 The climes he roams, where'er his footsteps sped,
 I pass with caution or but lightly tread, 270
 Or pleas'd with flow'rs, his fancy best can strew,
 I sit, and think I read my Pope anew. (1)

But

those public principles, which I consider as of the highest importance to these kingdoms.

(1) The author of the Baviad and the Mæviad. Mr. Gyffard is the most *correct* poetical writer I have read, since the days of Pope. Upon the whole, I give the preference to the Baviad after much consideration, though both the Poems may be studied with pleasure and advantage.—I have not the honour of Mr. Gyffard's acquaintance ; and indeed, from the nature of my retirement, I probably may never see him.

But grant the stage is *noble* : I believe
 Greek's still plebeian, with Lord (n) Belgrave's leave;
 Though now some great imperial critics chafe, 275
 To think not Æschylus himself is safe.
 Go take his text, revise, digest, compare,
 With Porson's shrewdness, or with Valcknaer's care,
 Then let the learned page once quit your sight, 279
 Some Scotch Greek swindling printer (o) steals your
 right.

But

(n) *Lord Belgrave* ; a learned and accomplished young nobleman of the present time. At his first entrance into the House of Commons, in all the honest enthusiasm of his heart, in academic freshness, and classic vigour, he quoted a passage from Demosthenes in *Greek*. This subjected him to the idle and impotent ridicule of the *Dramatist of the House of Commons*, whose schoolboy memory on that occasion happened to be more accurate. Lord Belgrave had done no more than I have often heard from Mr. Fox himself, who loves and understands Greek. As to the long and illustrious train of our young nobility and gentry, distinguished for their conduct and attachment to their country, I will say with some spirit and animation ;

Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine *Troja est*,
 Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
 Cum tales animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
 Pectora.

(o) I allude to a transaction which seems to be unwarrantable. Mr. Porson, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus,

to

But mark, the sea-birds sound the note of doom,
 And venom'd insects (*μ*) cluster round the tomb,
 The *Grecian* billows foam along the strand,
 In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land,
 Ranging for vengeance from his native shore,
 ARCHILOCHUS is rous'd, to sleep no more. 1286

to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer Fowlis, and without the Professor's leave or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of *Æschylus* from it, without notes. I hope however that Mr. Porson will not be discouraged, but continue his labours on the Greek Lexicon of *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work so long, and hitherto so vainly, desired.—But, in my opinion, the lovers of literature would be infinitely more obliged to him, or to any other illustrious critic, for a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of Photius*, which abounds with the most curious and valuable *Excerpta of Writers* whose integral works are lost for ever. At present it is troublesome even to read the remains of the laborious erudition of the Patriarch of Byzantium.

(*μ*) The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the sea shore, (I think in the island of Paros), and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the stone, worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that could be offered to it.—The subject of Greek learning is carried on in the Third Part of this Poem.

END OF THE SECOND PART.



